

To be gratuitously presented by the proprietors of Viz  
Magazine at Christmastide, 119 years henceforth.

# Enrazzlement

the Periodical that Effects Tumescence  
in the Male Generative Member

1/-2d

DECEMBER 1888 Not to be purveyed to urchins or members of the lower orders.

Grate Exhibition ~  
English Rose Disports Her  
Ankles for the Gentlemen

~ additionally ~  
It's a  
Grand Life  
~ Piano Legs  
to cause you  
engorgement



~ within ~  
Pretty Maids  
All In A Row ~  
Our Most Altitudinous  
Enrazzlement Stack Yet  
~ Attempted ~





# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, BEING A CHARIVARI OF LICENTIOUS CORRESPONDENCE

## PREEMINENT EPISTLE

SIR,

I HAVE SUBSCRIBED to your estimable journal for many years, my favourite portion thereof being the correspondence section, wherein your readers submit letters delineating their erotic experiences, yet I have hitherto never previously felt sufficiently compelled to submit a contribution thence.

However, an event transpired several days ago which I feel fully merits the attention of your readership. Myself and two of my friends, Mr. H----- and CAPT. S----- returned to the latter gentleman's house with the intention of enjoying a little brandy and billiards following a bibulous luncheon at our club. In the course of our post-prandial conversation, the Captain explained that he had recently returned from a series of peregrinations upon the dark continent, during which he had taken several hundred albumen chromographs of native ladies in their natural state. These he removed from their hiding place and displayed to us, spreading them out across the baize of his billiard table. They were indeed pictures of a most sordid and base nature, featuring as they did immodest women clad in the most rudimentary and scantiest of attires, with their embonpoints and décolletages completely untrammelled.

Of a sudden, whilst we were preoccupied in our perusal, I became aware that CAPT. S-----'s wife, Mrs. CAPT. S----- had entered the room unseen. Hastily, we tried to conceal the subjects of our scrutiny by gathering the pictures up and attempting to ensconce them behind wainscotting, antimacassars &c. However, despite our best efforts, several of them tumbled to the floor, leading to much chagrin and mortification amongst the gentlemen present. However, to our great astonishment, Mrs. CAPT. S----- seemed not in the least offended by the nakedness on display. Indeed, contrariwise, after spending several moments closely inspecting sundry of the pictures, she declared herself to be quite enraptured by the experience, and furthermore inquired what measures we, viz. myself, Mr. H----- and CAPT. S----- intended to effect about it.

Good manners and decorum preclude me from outlining the agreeable interlude that ensued during the remainder of the afternoon and into the early part of the evening; suffice it to say that I was granted the privilege of being first up, and am able to

affirm that Mrs. CAPT. S-----'s earlier assertion regarding the enfrathulation of her name-it-not was scarcely an exaggeration. Looking back, I find myself unable to give credence to my fortuitousness, I can tell you.

I remain, &amp;c.,

H. F. ESQ., AUCHTERMUCHTY

\* *The REVEREND FURNISS will forthwith be in receipt of a 10/- postal order for his splendidly enervating narrative.*

SIR,

MAY I CRAVE your indulgence in order to share with fellow Enrazzlement readers this most erotic daguerrotype of my wife, Mrs. G-----? I am sure that they will find themselves wholeheartedly in agreement with my own assertion that she possesses a most agreeable physiognomy. She is twenty-three years old and she greatly enjoys pleasures of a most carnal nature. She assures me most cordially that it will inflame her passions to think of all your esteemed readers experiencing erecivitation of their pizzles whilst looking upon her image.

I remain, Sir, your most humble  
servant,

MR. G. ESQ., LONDON



SIR,

I FELT MYSELF compelled to correspond in order to outline briefly a happenstance of a most erotic nature which lately befell me. I freely admit that the Lord has not seen fit to bestow me with handsome features; indeed, I have rather a prominent chin and unimpressive, thinning hair for a gentleman of my age. I am also possessed of cauliflower-like skin down one side of my misshapen body, from

which emanates the most noisome stench of decaying putrescence.

In addition, my left arm and leg are grotesquely swollen and flipper-like in appearance, and my head is distended out of all proportions, lending me a most terrible aspect and for which reason I have been given the epithet THE ELEPHANT MAN.

Anyway, the other evening I had but lately retired to my room at the Charing Cross Hospital whereupon I heard a knock on the door. Without my answering, the night porter, Mr. ELPHICK ESQ., a rather coarse and ill-bred gentleman, entered - accompanied by a selection of rowdy ne'er-do-wells, ruffians and toss-pots, who had each paid him a farthing for the privilege of witnessing my pitiful and wretched circumstance. Throughout the ensuing several minutes, I was subjected to ribald mockery of a most vulgar nature.

Eventually, growing weary of their sport, my tormenters departed, save one - evidently a lady of the most ill repute, though not unattractive, blessed as she was with golden tresses and butterbags akin to a pair of Mr. LANDSEER'S puppies fighting in a portmanteau.

To my surprise, she sat down on my bed next to me and began asking questions of the most base nature, viz. whether I had ever performed the act of androgyneation, and whether or not my tickle-faggot was comparable in size to that of an elephant. At this point and to my abiding shame, I found myself aroused by her licentious talk, and I noted that for the first time in my life my fiddle-diddle had become engorged.

By this time, we were both preternaturally excited, and she vouchsafed that she was indeed effervescent about her tufted treasure. I was certain that I was finally about to gain entrance to the portal of her bower of bliss, when at that very moment, the principal and superintendent-surgeon of the hospital, Mr. CARR-GOMM ESQ., entered my room and preternaturally ejected her from the premise.

Sir, it remains the most, and indeed the only, erotic interlude of my life, and like the animal whose nomenclature I bear, I shall never forget it.

I remain, your humble servant,

J.M., CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL

SIR,

AS IS THE WONT of most married gentlemen, I derive a not insignificant degree of satisfaction from the practice of bribing my wife. However, I have long nurtured a fanciful notion that I would greatly esteem the experience of surreptitiously watching as she is

*continued*

briced by another gentleman.

When I vouchsafed this whim to her, I was pleasurably surprised when she rejoindered that she was herself kindly disposed towards my libidinous aspiration. To this end, we arranged to summon a tradesman to our domicile on the fictitious pretext that he should effect a repair to our mantle.

The fellow duly arrived, and without further ado my good lady took him upstairs where I had previously concealed myself within a linen press which afforded an unencumbered view of our bricing post. She employed her feminine wiles upon the artisan, and before long, the fellow had tied my wife to the post and was bricing her for all she was worth.

It was indubitably the most erotically stimulating tableau which I have ever witnessed and I found my *membrum virile* subject to a hitherto unprecedented magnitude of turgidity. Indeed, once the fellow had vacated the premises, I exited my place of concealment and briced her all over again.

I remain &c.,

MR B. D., SURREY

SIR,

MAY I REQUEST that you print further photographs of the delightful BETTY, who featured as "Parlourmaid of the Month" in your November issue? She certainly caused a most formidable tumefaction of my phallus, I can tell you.

P.J., LUTON



—INDEED, SIR. Here she is once again in all her splendority.

SIR,

I WAS RECENTLY in our esteemed country's capital for the purposes of my business. My engagement was satisfactorily concluded somewhat earlier than I had anticipated and, since my train did not depart for until several hours hence, I hit upon the notion of taking a leisurely perambulation through the streets.

Whilst passing along one of the less familiar thoroughfares of Whitechapel, I was approached by a common dollymop who enquired of me in a most coarse fashion whether I was interested in a dalliance. Now, I have never before engaged the services of such a trullion; yet nevertheless to my surprise I found myself somewhat enervated by the novel notion.

To curtail a somewhat interminable narrative, she invited me to accompany her back to her lodgings. One thing led to another, and before I knew it I had taken a butcher's knife from my pocket, with which instrument I slit her from *mons ceneris* to gizzard and removed her intestines. These I preventively burned in a kettle before exising and eating her kidneys, thereafter daubing a cryptic message about the Freemasonic Brotherhood on the wall using her blood, which was plentifully in abundance, I can tell you.

When I returned to my home later that evening my good lady wife greeted me in the drawing room, enquiring of me whether my business had been enacted satisfactorily. I replied in the affirmative, though I feel compelled to confess that I found myself scarcely able to maintain a suitably composed demeanour.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,  
J. THE R., LONDON

SIR,

I WOULD RESPECTFULLY draw your readers' attention to a most stimulating event which took place recently whilst I was journeying to my place of work. I caught the early train to Paddington as usual, and was most agreeably surprised to find a compartment that was empty, save for a young lady who was evidently travelling without chaperone. I doffed my hat and enquired of her if she had any objection to my occupying the opposite seat. She had none.

Throughout the journey, I perused my newspaper, but on looking up, I noticed that my companion had caught her petticoats on her parasol, the former becoming raised two or three inches to reveal a shapely ankle. I admit to being somewhat embarrassed when she apprehended me looking, and apologised profusely. However, to my surprise, she informed me that she had no objection. Indeed, she asked me if I were desirous of seeing more, and promptly raised her petticoats further to reveal her lower calf. At that point, the train entered a tunnel.

Modesty and decorum forbid me from going into further detail as to the events that ensued; suffice it to say that I had her six ways including corbyungo before we emerged into daylight some minutes hence.

Notwithstanding, it is now several weeks since this amatory interlude took place, yet the memory of it is sufficiently formidable to enjoiner an involuntary turgidity in my unmentionable.

I remain, Sir, your humble servant,  
A. R., HINGHATE

SIR,

I WAS UNTIL of recent times quite unaware of your periodical. Then, whilst taking brandy at the home of a friend, I spotted a copy on his writing desk when he absented himself from the room. Out of curiosity I turned the pages and my heart leapt when my eyes met the most wanton image of the leg of a pianoforte, completely uncovered. Its robust curves and slender turns, the polished ebony finish of its wood, the delicateness of the foot, all acted to inflame my passions.

I secreted the periodical beneath my waistcoat, and on my friend's return to the room, begged leave to use his water closet. Therewithin, I lay the magazine on the floor, open at the aforementioned image. Then, I took leave of my senses and embarked on a frantic bout of onanism that will surely see me cast into the very deepest pits of Hell for all eternity.

Notwithstanding, I am now a regular purchaser of your periodical. Persist in the outstanding labour.

Your &c.

MR. L.P., SURREY

## SORDID AMUSEMENTS



A MISUNDERSTANDING OVER TERMINOLOGY LEADS TO CONSERVATION

Mrs de Montmorency-Jones (who has recently "let" a room in her house to a gentleman employed in the linoleum trade) discusses her lodger over tea with her friend, Lady Clara Robinson.

Lady C. "AND HOW ARE YOU FINDING YOUR NEW HOUSE GUEST, MRS DE MONTMORENCY-JONES?"

Mrs. de M. J. "HE IS A MOST AGREEABLE GENTLEMAN INDEED. HE IS IN THE LINOLEUM TRADE, AND HE HAS OFTENTIMES OBLIGED ME BY SLIPPING ME A LENGTH."

Lady C. (sotto voce) "YOU DIRTY COW!"

PHOTOLITHOGRAPHIC  
PRESENTATION--Miss Rose  
Fezzipegg

Miss ROSE FEZZIPEGG is currently employed as a scullery maid at a large residence in the south of England. Notwithstanding, our esteemed editor is undubitably confident that the readers of this periodical will be of the same mind as himself in supposing her far too aesthetically prepossessing to be kept below stairs! Miss Fezzipegg earns a mere farthing a week, but we would grant her a penny for her thoughts at any time of day!



PHOTOGRAPHED USING THE WET COLLODION  
PROCESS BY MR. WILLIAM FOX-TALBOT ESQ.



"I rise at half past three every morning in order to empty the ashes and set all the fires for the household," she explains. "Then I have to polish the boots and black all the grates before breakfast. If I get anything wrong, Mr. Hudson the butler thrashes me mercilessly. Then, while the rest of the house still sleeps, I have to bring water in from the pump, heat it on the stove and then carry it up three flights of stairs so that my mistress can have her hot bath before her luncheon. If I spill any of it on the stairs, I am beaten on the legs with a stick by Mrs. Bridges the housekeeper. The rest of the day, in between regular whippings, is spent in endless, back-breaking labour, carrying coal, sweeping, scrubbing the stone floors, emptying chamber-pots, laundering the master's shirts and polishing the doorhandles. At one o'clock in the morning, when I have finally finished my daily duties, I retire to my tiny, cold attic room where I cry myself to sleep amongst the rats and spiders, knowing that tomorrow will be just as long and hard as today." And after seeing those shapely ankles, we can assure Miss Fezzipegg that it's not just her working day that is long and hard, and we are confident that our readership will concur!

But all work and no play makes Rose a dull maid. How does she relax, our editor enquires? "I get an hour off, every third Boxing Day afternoon," she smiles. "I go to the end of the street and watch the important people going by in all their finery. I have never known happiness, not even for one brief, fleeting moment, so I like to spend these few, precious moments dreaming how different my life would be if I wasn't so exhausted and in continuous pain. After ten years of unrelenting toil, my joints are so worn away that my arms constantly ache." We know the feeling, Miss Fezzipegg! After considering those well-turned lower shins of yours, we aver that the right arms of many of our readers will be likewise suffering!



Tell us, Rose. Are there any more like you at home? "I am the youngest of twenty-eight children, sixteen of whom died in infancy. I never knew my mother, as she perished of puerperal fever, rickets and cholera three days after I was born. My father was a violent drunkard, who abandoned his remaining children on the workhouse steps the next day, so I was brought up for the first eight years of my life in that dreadful institution. I went into service ten years ago, and I've never seen my brothers and sisters since. When I think about them, I can't stop my sobs from welling up and bursting out." And after surveying that comely pair of calves, we'll wager that Rose's sobs are not the only things that are welling up and bursting out! Do you not opine similarly, readers?



ENRAZZLEMENT  
DAZZLER OF THE MONTH

**Miss Rose  
Fezzipegg**

## PROMOTIONAL ANNOUNCEMENT

ELECTROTELEPHONETIC  
AMATORY CONFABULATION SERVICES

LADIES OF THE HOUSE  
WERE COMING WITH LETHARGY  
AWAIT YOUR CALL.

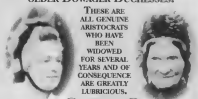


MY HUSBAND WAS SHOT AT THE BATTLE OF  
BALACLAVA. CALL 4  
IT'S SO WARM IN HERE, I THINK I'LL TAKE  
MY GLOVES OFF. CALL 7  
LISTEN WHILST I SHOW THE TELEPHONE  
APPARATUS UP MY FUNDAMENT. CALL 9



"Gentlemen. As  
a consequence  
of my licentious  
dialogue, I  
warrant that you  
will discharge  
your foul  
emissions within  
a single minute of  
commencement  
of your calling.  
Guaranteed."

Summon the operator on  
your apparatus and ask to be  
connected to Wainhall 3.

ENGAGE IN PLEASANTRIES WITH GENUINE  
OLDER DOWAGER DUCHESSES.

THESE ARE  
ALL GENUINE  
ARISTOCRATS  
WHO HAVE  
BEEN  
WIDOWED  
FOR SEVERAL  
YEARS AND OF  
CONSEQUENCE  
ARE GREATLY  
LUBRICIOUS.

## SUMMON THE OPERATOR AND ASK FOR 2

## Barely VITAL!



HAVE SPEECH NOW with consumptive young ladies on any  
topic of your choosing. Be assured, that whilst more disreputable  
purveyors of telephonic conversation services, these ladies are not  
dismalising, they really are on their death bed.  
"HEARREN subtil I cough up blood into a lace  
handkerchief." ~ Call 8  
"SUMMON a priest, for I fear I am in extremis." ~ Call 4  
"NO ONE has bought my matches and my tiny hand is  
frozen." ~ Call 1

NEW!! ADULT MAGIC LANTERN ENTERTAINMENTS FROM  
MR. BENJAMIN DOVER, ESQ.

"Gentlemen. For twenty years Mr Benjamin Dover has been in the business  
of fashioning sets of preeminent quality indeed magic lantern slides. Each set  
describes a narrative of a lewd nature and is guaranteed to arouse desires of a  
conspicuous nature. May we now respectfully present to you the five most as  
certain narratives, which we are confident will please every purchaser."

Benjamin Dover Magic Lantern Entertainments, Ltd

- MRS. ARBUTHNOT DOES  
TUNBRIDGE WELLS

WHEN MRS ARBUTHNOT arrives in  
the sleepy conurbation of Tunbridge  
Wells, she is labouring under the  
misapprehension that she is to prepare  
a light afternoon tea for the gentlemen  
of the town's first IX cricket team.  
However, when they find her alone in  
the pavilion, all thoughts of leather and  
willow go from their minds, and it's an  
altogether different "spread" that MRS  
ARBUTHNOT provides. This magic lantern  
presentation is truly a diversion of  
the hardest core and incorporates no  
simulated practices whatsoever - the  
lady in question is genuinely being  
fornicated and intramission is clearly  
evident.

FORTY PLATES: 4 1/2D



MRS. ARBUTHNOT DOES  
TUNBRIDGE WELLS



A TALE OF TWO

## - A TALE OF TWO T—S

BASED UPON THE POPULAR fictional  
offering A Tale of Two Cities. In MR  
DICKENS' story, LUCIE MANETTE  
must choose between two suitors, MR  
SYDNEY CARTON and MR CHARLES  
DARNAY. However, in MR BENJAMIN  
DOVER's saucy burlesque, the fortunate  
MISS MANETTE doesn't have to choose,  
consequent upon the fact that the two  
gentlemen concerned discover there  
to be plenty of room for two in her  
cunukin. The presentation concludes  
with a triumvirate conjugation that  
truly has to be perceived to be given  
credence to.

FOUR DOZEN PLATES: 2 3/4D



GENTLEMEN'S SPENDING  
BATH 16



COPULATION CARRIAGE  
VOLUME 8

## - GENTLEMEN'S SPENDING BATH 16

IT'S LEWD EFFUSIONS all the way as  
LADY MARCHMAINE summons all  
her below stairs staff to an onanistic  
gathering in her bedchamber. Before  
long, the butler, the under butler, the  
footmen, the gardeners, the grooms,  
the ostlers, the gamekeeper and the  
boot-black have all been pressed into  
service of an altogether different kind.



PRIORESSES AFFLICTED BY  
MADDIKIN MANIA

MR DOVER ESQ. humbly submits that  
he considers the final plate to exhibit  
such singular appeal to the connoisseur  
of bukkakineous proclivities, that it  
alone justifies the purchase price.

THIRTY PLATES: 1/- 6D

## - COPULATION CARRIAGE VOLUME 8

SUBSEQUENT UPON HIS PREVIOUS  
excursions, the licentious MR PHILAS  
MCCAVITY engages in further peripatetic  
sojourns in his Copulation Carriage. On  
this occasion, his converted charabanc,  
equipped with a palatial in the rear, hits  
the thoroughfares of Leamington Spa.  
As usual, MR MCCAVITY discovers  
there to be no paucity of alluring  
members of the fairer sex who are  
willing to loosen their whalebone stays  
(and more!) and remain motionless for  
his lens. This presentation features 8  
gentlewomen, of whom 6 are making  
their zoopraxinoscopic debut.

THIRTY-EIGHT PLATES: 7D

- PRIORESSES AFFLICTED BY  
MADDIKIN MANIA

OUR GLORIOUS MONARCH, Her Majesty  
QUEEN VICTORIA refuses to believe that  
ladies of a sapphic disposition are existent  
in her Empire and Global Dominions.  
However, MR DOVER guarantees that  
YOU will believe in their existence once  
you have seen Prioresses Afflicted by  
Maddikin Mania! Twenty-four of the  
most prepossessing nuns inhabit a remote  
convent on a small island where no man  
has set foot. One morning, they awake to  
discover a ship carrying a consignment  
of oversized candles has been wrecked  
and washed ashore. MR DOVER posits  
that one does not have to be the eminent  
consulting detective MR. SHERLOCK  
HOLMES ESQ. to deduce the ensuing  
outcome of the aforementioned set of  
circumstances. Contains explicit scenes  
of fustystrodding, discomknockering  
and licking out.

TWENTY-EIGHT PLATES: 2/- 6D

Do YOU wish to ENGAGE in a FURTHER  
VERBAL EXCHANGE about "THE LOW  
THAT DARE NOT SPEAK ITS NAME?"



...Then make a telephonic call to  
these gentlemen immediately. Call 3

BUTLER



BUTLER

BUTLER



BUTLER

What the Butler Heard



What the Butler Heard

AS PATRONISED  
BY THE  
CROWNED HEADS  
OF EUROPE

BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HRH  
PRINCE ALBERT  
SAXE-COBURG

WITNESS THE ONANISTIC WONDERS OF THE AGE  
BY EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES OF THE DISTRICT OF  
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

MESSRS

# MASKEYLINE & COOKE

are proud to introduce the One and Only

## PERIPATETIC CARNIVAL OF CARNALITY

EXHIBITION PARK, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, DEC 1ST~20TH

~WITNESS AT FIRST HAND~

From the Americas, The Human Hedgehog, **MR. RONALD JEREMY ESQ.**, GASP AS HE DEMONSTRATES HIS SINGULAR ABILITY TO INDULGE IN ORAL AUTOGRAFICATION.

Also From America, **GENTLEMAN JOHN HOLMES ESQ.**, A MAN OF SUCH GARGANTUAN PROPORTION IN THE DEPARTMENT OF MATRIMONIAL EQUIPMENT, THAT LADIES HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO SUCCUMB TO THE VAPOURS ON SIGHT.

From the Antipodes, **MISS FANNY PECULIAR**, Pudental Prestidigitator Extraordinaire. INCREDULITY AND STUPEFACTION ARE GUARANTEED AS SHE FIRES SUNDRY MISCELLANEOUS ARTIFACTS FROM HER DOODLE-CASE.

From Ireland, **MR. OSCAR WILDE ESQ.**, Genito-Dramatic Manipulator. WONDER AT HIS EXTENSIVE REPERTOIRE OF TABLEAUX INCLUDING LAST TURKEY IN THE SHOP, THE DYING SWAN AND THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

From the Isle of Lesbos, **MISS MOUSKOURI** and **MISS ROUSSOS**. YOU WILL NOT BELIEVE YOUR EYES AS THEY DEMONSTRATE THE RITES OF SAPPHO'S LIVE ON THE STAGE. 1 GUINEA IF EITHER PROVED NOT A WOMAN.

From the Mystic East, **MISS HO-PANG**, the Eel Lady of Peking. SWOON AS SHE PERFORMS THE MOST DEPRAVED ACT IMAGINABLE WITH HALF A DOZEN SLIPPERY DENIZENS OF THE SARGASSO SEA.

From Scho, **THE ICHABOD RAYMOND REVUE CHORUS**. IT IS THE MOST CORPOREALLY EXCITING TERPSICHOEAN DIVERTISSEMENT YET DEVISED, AS THESE LADIES APPEAR COMPLETELY UNCHAPERONED.

"THIS LEWD CORNUCOPIA OF BASE EXHIBITIONISM INFLAMED MY ANIMALISTIC PASSIONS BEYOND MY CONTROL. I HEARTILY RECOMMEND IT."

~H.R.H. THE DUKE OF C.

COME ONE, COME ALL, ENTRANCE 10 ENTITLES VIEWING OF ALL THE EXHIBITS. MESSRS MASKEYLINE & COOKE

RESPECTFULLY REQUEST THAT PATRONS REFRAIN FROM WALKING WHILE IN THE CONFINES OF THE SHOWGROUNDS.